

## **Drives me Wild by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Dorian was always good at keeping quiet.

He's a little less good when it comes to the Iron Bull, though.

## Drives me Wild

### Author's Note:

I've always thought Dorian would have had to be quiet during sex in Tevinter, so here's him doing that and... stuff.

I wrote this in like an hour?? Not sure where it came from, I just like... smut happened.

Dorian's first sexual encounter had been during some kind of social function—he couldn't remember what it was, now, and wasn't that funny? He did remember slipping out of the party with a bottle of red and a pair of wineglasses laced through his fingers, a boy of a few years older than he following him into the hedge maze.

They did what any young pair did in a hedge maze, got a little lost and very drunk. Dorian ended up on his back by a flowerbed, the other boy laying over him and rutting against him while he buried his face in Dorian's neck, not kissing, not biting, just hiding his face. They'd been able to hear another group of drunk nobles talking and laughing from the other side of the hedge, and Dorian was careful to keep himself silent except for breath and the unavoidable sounds of his partner's skin on his own. He thought even those sounds were loud, swore the others could hear, but when he rejoined the party (a sensible ten minutes after his companion had), there were no knowing glances, no scorn.

He'd reveled in that secret, had told future lovers he was very good at keeping quiet. And he had never disproven those words, whether he was in a back room at a party, behind a curtain in the bathhouse, or being pinned against a sturdy bookshelf in a library alcove in the hazy pre-dawn, when no one was even around to hear. He prided himself on his ability to come without a sound, even when he was safely locked away in his own room with his own fingers pressing inside himself. The other men he was with were similarly quiet, or if they couldn't bring themselves to be, they silenced themselves with their teeth in his shoulder, his fingers in their mouths, their own hands pressed tight to their lips.

That's why Dorian was surprised when Bull was unrestrained and *loud*, and how Bull didn't seem to care if anyone heard them. Bull didn't whisper sweet nothings, he spoke them aloud, his low voice sending Dorian's head spinning and making his breath come faster, louder. Dorian startled himself when he cried out, and clapped a hand over his mouth out of reflex, keeping himself silent for the duration of their tryst.

Bull noticed, because of *course* Bull noticed, and he urged Dorian to make noise, bending to his ear and saying, "tell me how good this feels, tell me how much you like me inside of you," as his fingers pressed tighter on Dorian's hips and gave him those tangible reminders that Bull had him, was going to take care of him.

The first time he gave in was just before orgasm, a long string of curses and, "oh, fuck, Bull, that's so good, don't stop, please, don't *stop*." He couldn't look at anyone who was still left in the tavern when he made the walk of shame back to his room that night, because he was *sure* they'd heard, they knew what he was doing. Not that Bull was subtle about their exploits, no, he blurted out details of their first night together in front of the *inquisitor* of all people. Not that Dorian had been anything more than barely audible. Not that the tavern was anywhere near silent enough for anyone to have heard them.

The longer things went on (and they did go on, and on, and Dorian got more afraid of what this meant every time, but he went back anyway), the more easily Bull could startle sounds out of Dorian, and the more he seemed to delight in them. It happened most when Bull teased him mercilessly all night, trussed him up to the point where he couldn't give a shit if he was moaning. Bull delighted in those noises, kissing Dorian sweetly every time he moaned or gasped or swore.

He'd bury his face in Dorian's neck and kiss him hard enough that he left marks, listening to the falters in Dorian's breathing and stroking his cock in time to them. "Let it out," Bull told him, "I know you want to. Talk to me, Dorian. Make those pretty moans for me, let me hear you." Bull's hips snapped against Dorian's, pressing them together, slick enough from Bull going down on his knees for Dorian earlier. "You look so good, all loved-up like this. All I want is to hear you say my name."

Dorian was helpless to do anything but obey.

It was especially trying when Bull refused to fuck him until he asked, until he said it out loud. Bull touched him everywhere, his hands spanning Dorian's ribs and the distance between his shoulder blades, lips mapping his clavicle and the arch of his hipbones, but he kept himself away from anywhere more sensitive, didn't let his kisses linger. Dorian strained against him, his thighs burning and the small of his back sore, but his thrusts only met air. Bull managed to be out of reach and in his grasp at the same moment, and Dorian would have scored his nails down Bull's chest, were it not for his hands being bound above his head.

"Just tell me what you want. That's all it takes," Bull said, sucking a wet kiss on Dorian's chest and blowing on the spot to make goosebumps rise there. "Tell me you want me. What you want me to do with you."

"Anything," Dorian managed, his voice so quiet, if Bull hadn't been within inches, he wouldn't have heard. "Do anything."

"Ah-ah," Bull chided, "be specific. What do you *need*, Dorian?" Bull trailed kisses down Dorian's belly to his hips to his thigh, so *close* but Dorian knew he wouldn't get those lips on his cock if he didn't ask.

Bull ran one thumb from the base of Dorian's cock to the tip, so light it made Dorian pull at his restraints. He did it again, and Dorian shuddered, full-body, and, were he a little more dramatic, probably would have said that something inside him snapped. "Fuck me!" He said it louder than entirely necessary (Bull was *right there*, it wasn't like he was out of earshot). "Or, or, I don't care, put your mouth on me, your hands, Bull, I need *something*, I need—I need *you*, oh, *fuck it all*."

And then, Dorian saw something he'd never seen before, and never thought he'd see again. Bull was surprised. His eye widened, eyebrow raised, lips parted just a bit. And oh, the way he scrambled to give Dorian everything he'd asked for was better than all the years of pride at being silent.

**Author's Note:**

Visit me on tumblr @ellieannes to yell at me about Dragon Age or hear me yell about Dragon Age!

Or, if you're smut trash like me (which you obviously are for reading this), visit me at my NSFW tumblr @seldula to yell about Dorian's butt.